

THE TRUMPET OF Fame:

Or Sir *Fraunces Drakes* and Sir *Iohn Hawkins* &c
well: with an encouragement to all Saile
and Souldiers that are minded to go
in this worthie enterprife.

*With the names of many Ships, and what they ha
done against our foes.*

Written by H. R.



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The Trumpet of Fame,

Sir *Fraunces Drakes* and Sir *John Hawkins* Farew
with an encouragement to all Sailers and Soul
diers, that are minded to go in this wor-
thie enterprise: with the names of
many famous ships.

Y Du Gallants bold, of Albions fertile soyle,
For Countries fame, on land and seas that toyle,
Searching with paine, the Confines of the earth,
Whose painfull toyle, all Nations admireth:
By whom enriched is your Countries store,
And some made rich, which earst was held but poore:
To you braue minds, whose thoughts doth reach the
And scoyne at home, like sluggards for to lie:
To you that fetch more worth, then Iasons fleece,
To you I do my rusticke Pen addresse,
For Countries honoꝝ, that spareth not your blood,
But ventures all, for Commons publike good:
You that for wealth doth cut the Ocean,
Honoꝝ to haue, and riches store to gaine,
You that in this attempt, like men doth shoue,

r care to Country, and loue to Prince you owe:
 men of worth, that ventures voluntary,
 thereby shewes what mindes all ought to carry,
 pesse your selues, to follow those braue Knights,
 in God hath blest, in many hardie fights.
 se fortunes great and loue vnto their men,
 must rightly paint, with my rude Pen:
 y are the men were neuer foyled yet,
 y are the men that honoꝝ still doth get:
 se peerlesse fame, all Europe can declare,
 erica and Asia, whose actions rare
 y still applaud, and wonder at their deeds,
 ting the land, from whence such good men proceeds.
 ce, conquering Drake, whose fortunes are not such,
 balure more, and kindnesse thise so much,
 end to friends, a scourge vnto the foe,
 gue for those that with sweete Englands woe.
 Pilot may compare with him for skill,
 man more forward, his enemies blood to spill:
 Captaine hath deserved more then he?
 eyes hath seene more happier man to be?
 by our God that Israels people led,
 mde unknowne, which he for them puruayd:
 ers Moses well we may him call,
 leads you forth, this Noble Generall,
 ength of men, he putteth not his trust,
 o his God, and cause which still is iust.
 arned hath, that God is our Chieftaine,
 brings him forth, and safely back againe.
 then with him, and loue him as you ought,

Let

Let not your minds to mutinie be wrought,
 Least Justice sword do cut off vitall dayes,
 whose power is such, so to command at Seas.
 Be free from follies, and serue your God aright,
 And honoꝛ truly this renowned Knight.
 Learne by his woꝛth, in actions he hath past,
 'Tis swet to such, that honoꝛs high will taste.
 The woꝛldes whole circuit in his trauell great,
 He viewed thzoughout, and many Princes seat,
 what honoꝛ there he gaind, I do referre,
 To stoꝛies large, where registred they arc:
 Then follow him, that cries, come fellowes all,
 Foꝛ he begins, and last retreat doth call.
 Be foꝛward then, and ioy in this braue Knight,
 That neuer yet receiued foyle in fight.
 But still returnd with fame and wealth away,
 In spight of those that would the same gain say.
 And Hawkins in this action his compere,
 Full well is knowne a famous Caudere.
 whose valure sholone, and seruice often done,
 with good successe, immoꝛtal fame hath wonne.
 In India land, he Englands cullours spread,
 where Spanissh Powers he brauely vanquished.
 The French and other Nations far and neare,
 Hath felt the foꝛce of this stout Caudere.
 To English Quene an officer long bene,
 which place of trust, he did full well beseme.
 Foꝛ which his seruice, as due deserts and right,
 he honoꝛed is, with title of a Knight,
 The best of woꝛth, which charge hath in this flecte,

ould recount, to do them honoꝝ meet:
 foꝝ I cannot name them as I would,
 whereby their vertues rare should be extold,
 greater part of foꝝce I must omit,
 their returne, their honoꝝ gaind to writ:
 Crosse, of Captaines not the least, noꝝ last,
 service dane, may not be ouerpast,
 Crosse, that euer crossed hath our foes,
 crost them still, with shot and cruell blowes:
 Crosse Lord, do little England send,
 in raging foes, our Country to defend.
 him in place, let Thomas Dracke be seene,
 foꝝ his fortunes, a happie man hath bene:
 his trauailes and his good successe was tride,
 many dangers which he did abide.
 valiant Crafton claimes his place as due,
 which often did the Spaniard proud pursue:
 riches great which home he often brought,
 well declare that honoꝝ he hath sought.
 Merick speake, not meanest of all the rest,
 whose venture will, as foꝝward as the best:
 the Carack late was taken, his valure did appeare,
 as resolute, as most men that were there.
 Harper now, I change my roming quill,
 in of worth, and woꝝthie foꝝ his skill,
 he aduanceth in place of good regard,
 his service hath gainst foes so well deseru'd.
 Fish, bozne faithfull to thy bowed friend,
 resolution, I cannot halfe commend.
 this I say, and many moꝝe with me,

The proudest foes did neuer cause thee flee.
 And Parker, let me tell thy worthinesse,
 Which neuer quailst, for any great distresse.
 But like a man of courage stout and bold,
 Hast foyle thy foes, and brought away their gold.
 And Henry Austen, to many knowne well,
 Thy braue attempts, in fights both sharpe and fell,
 Hath oft bene scene, where like a man of worth
 Thou gainest wealth, and foe-men forced forth.
 And Morish, though thou be not great in name,
 Yet hath thy deeds deserued worthie fame:
 The Frenchmens Leagers, so of thee doth say,
 Whom thou hast met full boldly on the sea.
 O famous men of Plymouths happie Towne,
 Yours is the gaine of honoꝝ and renowne:
 From you these men of worth most part did spring,
 Whose fames throughout the world doth daily ring.
 Good fortune euer wayt vpon them all,
 And graunt your foes may neuer see you fall:
 But as to foze God did you still defend,
 Such honoꝝ now, our hopes is, he will send.
 Take courage then, let honoꝝ be your aime,
 And drag not back, you that will honoꝝ gaine.
 At your returne, then shall you honoꝝ haue,
 As your deserts by venturing farre shall craue.
 Then feare no cullours, set the chance on Christ,
 He is your Load-starre, God of power highest.
 Your stoze of victualls euer he will blesse,
 And as it spends, he will the same encrease.
 A goodlier Flæte this many a day,

ere hath not bene prepared to the sea,
 In London shall you haue these ships of fame,
 The braue Defiance, glorious in her name :
 Admirall of this gallant company,
 Whose force ere this, the Spaniards proud did trie.
 Ere in the seas she drenched hath their bones,
 Whom their friends makes many greuous grones.
 The glorious Garland, well deserueth praise,
 For her exploits, the foe-men can report,
 From in her sight she plagued in such sort.
 O Bonauenture, they cannot forget,
 Rich to their paine with them hath often met.
 Against the Gallies she fought with that one time,
 Made them wish they all had farther bene.
 Many bickerings more with them she had,
 Of their gaines small boast by them is made.
 The famous ship which called is the Hope,
 Who often gald those Champions of the Pope :
 Ere euer she encountered any one,
 Gave them passports, which did make them grone.
 Foresight, which hath neuer soyle receiued,
 Plaid her part, and foes haue often græued.
 O many a boyle with conquest in the fight,
 Hath returnd, and put them all to flight.
 He that neuer yet her force hath sholued,
 Braue Aduenture, forward doth proceed,
 Like her triall in this action,
 No ship from hence hath sildome gone:
 He her guide, and all the rest of them,
 Send them safely to returne againe.

The Concord and the Amitie, two ships of worth,
 Whose good successe all London knoweth:
 In merchant trade where they did use to goe,
 Their friends they please, and did torment their foe:
 What prizes by the Amitie was brought,
 With Spaniards proud, which their confusion sought.
 To all their goods the owners can declare,
 But too the last, were Spanish men of warre.
 The Susan Parnell, not least of all this rout,
 She shewed her selfe a tall ship and a stout:
 Her fortunes great, I cannot halfe declare,
 Trading in peace, or furnished for the warre.
 The Saccare beares her name full well I wot,
 Who makes no spare of powder nor of shot:
 With raging peales of thundering ordinance,
 In thickest of foes, saint George she doth aduance.
 And Salomon, not last of all the rest,
 To foes haue prou'd a forward saucie guest:
 In their despight taking what they possesse,
 And beat them soe, that did her force resist.
 The louely Elizabeth and Constance cald,
 With glittering blades her foes to leeward hald:
 And in despight, for honoꝝ of that name,
 To Countries good, returneth home with fame:
 May all that euer fight for Elizabeth,
 Proue alwaies happie, when they attempt to fight.
 The (Helpe) not helpe of many doth she craue,
 When vnder saile her daring foes she braue:
 Vale home her sheates, and foe-men do your worst,
 Who so is last, she will be with the first.

he little Phœnix, now for her I speake,
 hat neuer fear'd her force would proue too weake:
 he for her burthen, ever did her part,
 till gaining wealth, and wrought her enemies smart.
 Besides these past, whose names I haue set downe,
 e not omit, our Merchant of renowne:
 of Londons honoꝝ, where he of worſhip is,
 n Alderman of credit great I wis,
 amous Wats, whose forward readinesse,
 t all attempts was neuer knowne to misse:
 Who in this ffeete to quaille the enemies pride,
 oure gallant ships for warre he doth prouide:
 he Pexases, who swift as bird doth flie,
 utting the wanes, and foe-mans force to trie:
 What wealth and happie fortune she hath gainde,
 nd how in fight, her enemies she painde,
 ere needlesse here at large for to set downe,
 et it suffice, she euer gaind renowne.
 he Jewell, gallant in her sea attire,
 ith dard her foes, with powder, shot, and fire:
 nd home hath brought, their pearle and eke their gold,
 f such great worth, as is not to be told.
 he Elizabeth next, one of this gallant flēte,
 of honoꝝ gaind, I may not here omit:
 When foes did rage, and swore to worke her ill,
 he scapt their force, and wrought on them her will.
 he little Iohn, though last I call to minde,
 of good successe, hath not bene much behinde:
 er panche well filld with Spanish Ryalls of Plate,
 nd spices stoze for comfort of mans hart:

She often brought vnto her Owners good,
 And brauely in the face of foes hath stood.
 Thus valiant hearts which now to seas are bound
 To cheare you on, that earst hath bene renownd.
 I haue explaine the names of your braue flēte,
 That careth not with what foes they shall meete.
 What other ships of foraine soyle there go,
 I do omit, because I do not know.
 For what they be, you need not much to care,
 God and your Generalls, doth for you prepare.
 Then frolicke hearts, and to your healths one Ca
 Let loue vnited, be firme with euery man.
 And loue and dutie in each one so abound,
 That faithfull subiects you may still be found.
 Tis Englands honoz that you haue in hand,
 Then thinke thereof, if you do loue our land.
 The gaine is yours, if millions home you bring,
 Then courage take, to gaine so swēte a thing.
 The time calls on, which causeth me to end,
 Wherefore to God, I do you all commend,
 For whom all subiects that do loue our Quēne,
 Shall truly pray, to send you safe againe.
 And for my part, I wish you alwaies health,
 With quick returne, and so much store of wealth
 That Phillips Regions may not be more stor'd,
 with Pearle, Jewels, and the purest gold.

FINIS.